THE WEEKLY ENTERTAINER;
AND
West of England Miscellany.

No. III.] MONDAY, JANUARY 20, 1823. [VOL. VII.—N.S.

ANNUS MIRABILIS! OR, A PARTHIAN GLANCE AT 1822.

From the last Number of the "New Monthly Magazine."]

JANUARY.—"Cain, a Mystery," published by Lord Byron: preface states his lordship's difficulty in making Lucifer talk like a clergyman. A country vicar proceeded against in the Ecclesiastical Court, for swearing that he had a horse that would gallop to hell: not equally difficult, therefore, to make a clergyman talk like Lucifer. Miss Stephens nearly lost in the Trafalgar packet. If she be, as the newspapers say, the Syren of the stage, surely she might laugh at "All the rude dangers of crossing the ocean." Colonel Thornton proves himself alive, by asserting that he was in the daily practice of swallowing six muffins at breakfast and three pounds of roast or boiled at dinner: this would prove the death of the Adelphi Theatre, teaching the rising male generation "that great moral lesson," how to patter slang, mill a lamp-lighter, or box a Charley. A great outcry from Mr. Loveday, who had placed his three daughters for education in a French convent, all the academies in England being full, and who expressed his surprise, on the Boulevard de Parnasse, that one of them should have turned Catholic. His subsequent appeal to the Chamber of Deputies unequalled by any productions since Macpherson's Ossian. Mr. Southey published a reply to Lord Byron, wherein he assaulted that eccentric nobleman with "whip and a branding iron:" the cause alleged to be the following paragraph in an opposition newspaper, under the head "Births:"—"At his bookseller's, Mr. Robert Southey, of a still-born Vision of Judgment." The offence lenient: poetical parturitions ought to be commemorated. Constitutional Society kept at bay by Mr. Carlile by means of an apparatus in the Temple of Reason like that of a Cheque-taker in a play-house: red whiskers also kept at bay by Rowland's Macassar oil. Country Gentlemen "combining and confederating" like so many defendants in a suit in Chancery. The Great King of Prussia sung by Signor Cartoni at the Opera-House. Nothing *outre* during the present month on the part of Mr. Ex-sheriff Parkins; and not a single duel fought in the Phœnix Park by any gentleman with a name commencing with an O or a Mac.

February.—Cobbett patted on the back by some country gentlemen, as much as to say, "Bite the fund holders." Olive, Princess of Cumberland, ejected from her lodgings on Ludgate-hill. New Tragedy at Drury-lane, called "Owen, Prince of Powys, or Welsh Feuds." Army of English Critics overran the principality, and extinguished his Highness and his feuds. "The Pirate" bottled in theatrical spirits by Mr. Thomas Dibdin: too volatile: went to sea after a few nights' confinement. God save the King proved to be the private property of James the First. Insurgent meeting of White Boys at Doneraile, where the following resolution was passed:—"Resolved, that every thing coming from England be burnt, except their coals, which we have occasion for." Speech from Mr. Thelwall at an agricultural meeting at Epsom; challenged to show where his landed estate lay; whereupon he quoted the two bow-pots outside his window in Blackfriars-road. Carlile's Temple of Janus closed. Orator Hunt's wife permitted to visit him at Ilchester, on

bringing her marriage-certificate in her pocket. Vaccine-Inoculation Report; small-pox on the increase, owing to careless vaccination, and the Rev. Rowland Hill admonished to grasp the pulpit-cushion and lay down the lancet. Mozart's modulation much shaken by Rossini's rattle. Mr. Daniel White Harvey off the roll of attorneys and not on that of barristers. Between two bundles of hay: but for ass read fox. Injunction dissolved in Murray v. Benbow: Cain a mystery no longer. One John Tye executed at the Old Bailey, for uttering forged notes, and one Simeon Shake applauded at Covent-garden for a similar offence. Grand chorus of "High Prices" sung by the country gentlemen at York. The Rev. H. H. Milman produced the Martyr of Antioch, and the wife of a labouring man, at Enfield Chace, produced three male infants: the latter are doing well. Cobbett proved to have changed his opinion of Sir Francis Burdett. A still and a quantity of whisky carried off by a revenue party at Derry, with a mob of Irish peasantry clinging to them, like Abeul'aouris the Persian, to the Load-stone Mountain. No child killed by a Paddington-coach.

March.—King of Spain lectured by the Cortes. He promises to do so no more. A fire broke out on the premises of a bookseller in Paternoster-row, and over-broiled some beefsteaks at Dolly's Chop-house. Mr. Hume's "total of the whole" much discussed; Cobbett sends him his new Grammar. Symptoms of downfal in the Navy five per cents. A collection of penny wisdom at the Fool's Head, Cateaton-street, to reimburse Carlile for his pound-foolishness in Fleet-Street. Death of Coutts the banker: his will opened in Stratton-street: only £900,000 bequeathed to his poor widow: divers dandies observed to glance and look upward to the drawing room window in their progress towards the Park. Two silver cups voted to Mr. Kean by the inhabitants of New York, and a lighter laden with coals despatched at the same time to Newcastle. A man unknown arraigned at the bar of the Old Bailey, and a woman unknown observed to tipple liquid at the bar of Hodges's prime proof repository in Fleet-market. Lafitte, Paris banker, much amazed by an application from the executors of one Napoleon Buonaparte. Navy five per cents. slain by Mr. Vansittart, and a joint Post-master cut in two by Lord Normanby. Agricultural meeting at the Mermaid, Hackney: toleration of opinion recommended, and Sir J. Gibbons hooted down for acting under the recommendation. Mr. Wyatt charged with attempting to cram a marble monument of George the Third down the throat of the public: John Bull has a capacious swallow, and the artist was tempted to put it to the proof. Murder of Mrs. Donatty by persons unknown much talked of, and murder of Sir Archy Macsarcasm by Kean not talked of at all. *Coup de Grace* to the Navy 5 per cents. given by Mr. Henry Hase: many Jews who attended the funeral seen next day upon the Royal Exchange with beards half an inch long. The King's Civil List treated uncivilly by Lord King. Cindrella, at the Opera House, exchanged her glass slipper for a bracelet, the former being too slippery to dance in. Only twelve persons poisoned during the month from mistaking oxalic acid for Epsom salts.

April.—Easter week: all the city at Brighton, to the great annoyance of people of fashion who went there to avoid them: poney chaises, and the Rev. Doctor Pearson. English in Paris estimated at 20,184: marshalled by the Prefect in four divisions, viz. the idle, the sick, the needy, and the disaffected. Appeal to the Court of Cassation: Prefect's decree affirmed. Nineteen labourers out of work at Stockbury ordered by overseers to play at marbles from nine in the morning to seven in the evening. Four of them being widowers, went through the ring a second time, and were asked in the church the Sunday following. Constitutional Society, being indicted at the Old Bailey, held up their hands and down their heads. Miss Foote much admired in Cherry and Fair

Star. The Tom and Jerry fever extending to all the minor theatres: nineteen watchmen prostrate with their boxes on their backs. Preparations in Hyde Park for the reception of the Achilles of Phidias, on his elopement from the Quirinal Hill at Rome. Planet Venus at the same time visible to the naked eye. City Recorder elected *quamdiu se bene gesserit*. New Tread-mill erected at Brixton prison, and business at Union Hall consequently on the decline: prisoners in Newgate comforted by Mrs. Fry, and business at the Old Bailey consequently on the increase. Literary Fund Committee called upon to interdict Mr. Fitzgerald from spouting at their ensuing anniversary: event doubtful, according to Cobbett, who holds that when a man is smitten with the sound of his own voice, nothing short of a sledge hammer applied to his head will silence him. Martin, the artist, descended into Herculaneum, and re-ascended not quite so plump as when he supped with Belshazzar. Young Watson takes to new rum, and commits a burglary at Baltimore. Grand steeple-chase near Blackwater, and a considerable running down of parsons in the columns of the *Morning Chronicle*. A countryman at Clonmarty, county of Donegal, discovered a bottle, and to his infinite chagrin, in lieu of whisky, found it to contain a mere memorandum relative to the Arctic expedition. Man unknown once more arraigned, and again spotted Junius. Mr. Owen of Lanark's proposal to clothe all the poor in one uniform, and no religion. Harlequin at the Opera House. Moses in Egypt changed into Peter the Hermit: many pilgrims from Paddington attended the Crusade: all's fair in love and music. Smale in the Irishman in London, "No more brains than a fiddler," gave great offence to the leader of the band. Monsieur Paull vaulted from the Academy of Music in Paris, and descended on one foot in the Haymarket. Mr Kean played Osmond, in the Castle Spectre, and nearly "made a ghost" of his theatric reputation. Private theatricals at the Lyceum: young Matthews in Le Comédie d'Etampes: dubbed a chip of the old block; an old block, indeed, if he allow the experiment to be repeated. Nobody killed by drawing the trigger of a loaded fowling piece, not knowing it to be charged.

May.—Horse-Bazzar at King-street Barracks: impossible to say *nay* to any proffered filly, mocking being rude. Good beer began to trickle into the cellars of public-houses, owing to a stir at St. Stephen's. Agricultural report: patience and water-gruel recommended to country gentlemen. Song, "I love high Rents," sung by Sir F. Burdett. Piece of plate presented to Alderman Wood: family armssought for in vain: surrendered on his assumption of the gown; "cedunt arma togæ." The Lord Chancellor gave judgment on the Doge of Venice, who had, in the mean time, wedded the Waters of Oblivion. One hundred acres of land, in Venezuela, sold by Bolivar at a penny an acre: Mr. Birkbeck outbidden. Othello stabbed and smothered his wife to a fiddlestick accompaniment at the Opera House. Mr. Yates in the Law of Java mistaken for Ramo Samee the Indian juggler. Marriage Act Amendment Bill much convassed; clause proposed by Lord Erskine, contract determinable every seven years on six months' previous notice. Anniversary dinner of the Literary Fund: Chairman's hammer not a sledge one; Mr. Fitzgerald's consequent recitation. Mr. Horatio Orton's dog snatched a hasty repast from the calf of Mr. Ex-sheriff Parkins's leg. No women run over in Oxford-street, in consequence of crossing the coach-way without looking to the right or to the left.

June—Expansion of Mr. Baring's new mansion in Piccadilly to the utter extermination of the western side of Bolton-row. Sparring match at St. Stephen's between Mr. Pascoe Grenfell and the Bank of England. Exhibition at Somerset House: irruption of one-shilling critics: many a "man unknown" from being designated in the Catalogue "portrait of a gentleman." Hercules in the hall looked

gloomy, in apparent envy of the more airy elevation of his naked friend in Hyde Park. Affray of wild Irish in Peter-street Westminster: Polito rebuked by the Magistrates for not keeping his cages better bolted. Opening of Vauxhall Gardens, after being for the ninety-ninth time consigned to the woodman's axe: gardens alleged to unite the varieties of Vauxhall with the elegancies of Ranelagh, like the boy's pennyworth of cheese, which he required to have very long and very thick: new rotatory piece of mechanism, entitled Hep-tap-las ies-op-tron: and a dentist's man in waiting to pick up the broken teeth of the pronouncers. Dinner at the Horns, Kennington; Sir Robert Wilson in the chair: all general reflections consequently avoided. Wanstead House advertised for sale. All the world on the Whitechapel road: Epping-forest strewed with gigs, unharnessed hacknies, and remnants of cold veal and pigeon pie. Some of the fortunes of Nigel checked by that of Robins's Catalogue. Little Waddington elevated from a blanket in Newgate, and discounts in Threadneedle-street depressed to four per cent. Mrs. Olivia Serres swore an affidavit, with a documental appendix, in the Prerogative Court, Doctors' Commons. Plague reported to have broken out in London: two runners dispatched by the Lord Mayor to St. Thomas's and St. Bartholomew's to ascertain the fact; but their names being Fogg and Leadbetter, they brought back but a confused and heavy story. Don Antonio Francisco Zea arrived in London from the Republic of Colombia; Spanish bonds at a consequent premium, and the Royal Exchange swarmed with foreign brokers. Seven shopkeepers, on Ludgate Hill, who had recently taken advantage of the Insolvent Act, were poisoned by drinking seven glasses of noyeau double the usual strength. End of Trinity Term, attended by a great diminution of black coats and white buckles in the purlieus of Chancery-lane. Beautiful hill and dale in the Piccadilly pavement.

[illegible]

ON ASSES.

My Oberon, what visions have I seen,
Methought I was enamoured of an Ass!
SHAKSPEARE.

Procul este profani! Avaunt ye witlings, who with gibes and jeers would turn my honest conceptions into mockery. I address not ye; no, nor the poor human butts on whom ye break your poorer jests, "though by your smiling ye seem to think so." I had no such stuff in my thoughts as bipeds, not even those who wear the head of BOTTOM: but as the times are critical, and equivocation might undo us, it may be well also to premise that though my references be altogether quadrupedal, they mount not to those golden Asses (not of Apuleius, I dare aver), which are placed upon royal tables, and whose panniers laden with salt (assuredly not Attic) minister stimulants to the palates of kings and courtiers. No—my paper means what it professes; it is dedicated to donkeys, Jerusalem poneys, &c. but who have no patronymic right to be termed any thing but Asses.

Every association connected with this most interesting animal is classical, venerable, hallowed. At the feast of the goddess Vesta, who was preserved by the braying of an Ass from the attacks of the Lampsacan God, that animal was solemnly crowned; and in an old Calendar still extant the following note is written against the month of June: "Festum Vestæ—Asinus coronatur." As we know that many of our customs are derived from Pagan institutions, is it not probable that the crowning of our Laureates originated in this superstition? The Gnostics worshipped the long eared deity. In the precincts of the Holy Land, though not invested with idolatrous honours, the Ass was held in high respect and reverence; and I know not any contrast of fate more affecting, any reverse of grandeur, even including that of the Jewish nation itself, more absolute and wretched, than the present doom of this outcast quadruped compared with its former lot in

Palestine, where, as the use of horses was prohibited, the Ass was the royal beast, whose covering was cloth of gold, whose housings were studded with the carbuncle and the pearl, and whose provender was showered down into royal mangers. Deborah, addressing her song to the rulers of Israel, exclaims—"Speak, ye that ride on white Asses, ye that sit in judgment." Jair of Gilead, we are told, had thirty sons who rode upon as many Asses, and commanded in thirty cities; and the holy writer wishing to exalt the grandeur of Abdon, one of the judges of Israel, proclaims that he had forty sons and thirty grandsons who rode upon seventy Asses. According to a tradition of the Jewish Rabbins, one of the ten privileged creatures formed by God at the end of the sixth day, was the identical beast bestrode by Balaam, the same that Abraham loaded with wood for the sacrifice of Isaac, which Moses long after employed to transport his wife and son across the desert, and which, still existing in the depths of some unknown and impenetrable wilderness, will continue to be miraculously fed and guarded until the advent of their pretended Messiah, when he will mount upon its back and ride forth to conquer all the nations of the earth.

But, leaving these reveries, must we not admit, unless we join Maimonides and Gregory of Nyssa in considering the whole story a vision or allegory, that the animal whereof we write is the same that on the flowery banks of the Euphrates saw the angel of the Lord standing before it with a drawn sword, turned aside thrice into the path of the vineyard, and when smitten for crushing its master's foot against a wall, was miraculously endued with speech that it might rebuke its infatuated rider? When the priests and elders looked forth from the towers and temples and walls of Hierosolyma towards the valley beneath, where the multitude were filling the air with Hosannas, and spreading palm-branches before the Saviour of the world, who was destined to overthrow the Sophists of Athens and the Pagan Pontiffs of all conquering Rome, they beheld him riding upon—an Ass. Reader! if thou hast been more fortunate than he who now addresses thee, and hast been enabled to pick up a little book of Heinsius entitled, "*Laus Asini*," I counsel thee to lay it next thy heart, for it disserts of most longeared matter, and is rich in asinine reminiscences. Doubtless thou hast passed the *Pons Asinorum* of the mathematicians—thou hast laughed at the punishment inflicted by Apollo upon the Phrygian king—thou hast feasted on the third Dialogue of Lucian, wherein he relates his adventures after being converted into an Ass by a sorceress—and hast been entrapped with Apuleius's most exquisite and imaginative expansion of this fiction; and if thou canst still deny that the Ass who is now passing thy door, instead of being loaded with sand and cabbages, bears a rich freightage of sacred, classical, and scientific associations and conceits, I tell thee thou art duller, "than the fat weed that rots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf," and meritest thyself that appellation which limits all thy ideas of the passing quadruped.

Poor, shaggy, [illegible], mauled and maltreated beast! when I beheld thee—

"Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from thy high estate—"

and, alas, too often "weltering in thy blood!" and yet bearing thine insults and torments with a resignation, a fortitude, a heroism, that would do honour to a Stoic philosopher, I am not content with the poet's exclamation—"I love the patient meekness of thy face," but feel tempted to transform the common whereon I encounter thee, into the greensward of the fairies, that I may say with Titania—

"Come, lie thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair long ears, my gentle joy."

The reader will say that I am full of my subject; and pleading guilty to the charge, I confess that I know no sound more affecting, more pathetic, than the braying of an Ass, "startling the night's dull ear." It seems a "sense of intolerable wrong," an outpouring of long accumulated griefs, the delivery of an agonized soul, the hysteric of exhausted patience; and while the sides distend as if the heart were bursting, and the deep closing sigh sends its appealing breath up to Heaven, I have sometimes followed it, and found delight in imagining that there might not only be reason for the poor Indian's hope—

"Who thinks, admitted to yon equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company—"

but that these long-eared innocents may be rewarded for their endurance in some garden of paradisaical thistles—some Eden of perpetual pasture, some Elysium of clover.

What a poor compound is humanity, and how ridiculous, as well as ungrateful, is its pride, when we see beauty and nobility converting this despised beast into a species of parent, and receiving its milk into their veins as the sole means of health or existence! I have never beheld this unconscious wet-nurse of the wealthy standing at the doors of our proud mansions, without sending my imagination not only up stairs where the pale sons and daughters of sickness were reclining upon their luxurious sofas, but into the sheds and penthouses of Knightsbridge or Petty France, where their four-footed foster brothers and sisters, compelled, like the hairy Esau, to exchange their birthright for a mess of pottage, were porrecting their long ears at every sound, and endeavouring to snuff the return of their teeming mothers, in the mingled impatience of defrauded appetite and disappointed affection. No substance is so poor in stimulants for present thought, but that it may be rendered pregnant in its past concoction and future decomposition; and as I have sometimes gazed upon this foul-purloined milk, frothing into a tumbler, I have traced it backwards to the earth when it was grass, and to the skies when it was rain; and following it in its forward destiny, I have fancied it converted into the bloom of beauty's cheek, or the sparkle of its eye, or by a still more subtle sublimation refecting and inspiring the brain until it finally evaporate in dazzling coruscations of wit. We are all compounds of the same matter, and should therefore learn to sympathise with all its organizations.

Although my subject, that I might be strictly asinary, has led me to a grave and serious treatment, it is not unfeeble in more trivial suggestions. In England, where cruelty to animals of all kinds has attained its *maximum*, this Paria of the quadrupeds endures so large a share of outrage that I have sometimes imagined there must be a special Tophet reserved for its drivers; and as I once fell into conversation with an individual of that class, I endeavoured to explain to him the doctrine of the metempsychosis, insisting on the probability that he would one day be an Ass himself, and receive exactly such usage as he bestowed. Being assured, in answer to his inquiry whether there was any thing "about that time" in the Bible, that there was grave warranty for the belief, he appeared staggered, mused awhile, and then exclaimed, "Vell, Sir, there's von thing, if it's ever so true—I never hits mine over the head;"—a circumstance which so reconciled him to the doctrine of Pythagoras, that he let fall a heavy blow upon his beast's crupper, and disappeared. If the Ass be not entitled to rank as an esquire, Cervantes makes him at least a squire-bearer, whereas the equire himself is only a shield-bearer; and our long-eared hero was formally dubbed a gentleman by King Charles. A Mayor of Rochester, just at the commencement of an elaborate address to that Monarch, was accompanied by the loud braying of an Ass,

when his Majesty exclaimed, "One at a time, *Gentlemen*, one at a time." A common tradition attributes the black line, or cross, upon the shoulders of this animal to the blow inflicted by Balaam; in allusion to which a witling, who had been irreverently sneering at the miracles in the presence of Dr. Parr, said triumphantly, "Well, Doctor, what say you to the story of Balaam's Ass, and the cross upon his shoulders?"—"Why, Sir," replied the Doctor, "I say, that if you had a little more of the Cross, and a great deal less of the Ass, it would be much better for you." A singer once complaining to Sheridan that himself and his brother (both of whom were deemed simpletons) had been ordered to take Ass's milk, but that on account of its expensiveness, he hardly knew what they should do,—"Do?" cried Sheridan, "why suck one another to be sure."

Gentle reader, whether of that sex whose limbs hang together against the ribs of this forlorn animal, from a side saddle, or of that more ponderous gender that doth bestride his narrow back like a Colossus, if in thy summer jaunts to Margate or Brighton, thou dost make him minister to thy pleasures, toiling through the sun and dust to bear thee to cake-smelling bowers, and tea-dispensing shades, O bethink thee of his regal stalls in Palestine, and grudge him not the thistle by the way-side: recall his silken housings, and have pity on his gored and ragged sides: remember his glorious burden in the valley of Cedron, and respect his present wretchedness: muse upon the fate of Balaam, and—cast away thy staff.

THOUGHTS ON THE WORDS "TURN OUT."

"We all, in Turns, Turn Out."—*Sang.*

TURN OUT!! There are in the English language no two words which are so forcible in exciting sympathy and compassion. There is in them a melancholy cadence, beautifully corresponding with the sadness of the idea which they express: they awaken in a moment the tenderest recollections, and the most anxious forebodings: there is in them a talismanic charm which influences alike all ages and all dispositions—the Church, the Bar, and the Senate, and all comprised in the range of its operation: indeed we believe that in no profession, in no rank of life, we shall find the man who can meditate, without an inward feeling of mental depression, on the simple, the unstudied, the unaffected Pathos of the words "Turn Out."

Is it not extraordinary, that when the idea is in itself so tragic, and give birth to such sombre sensations, Melpomene should have altogether neglected the illustration of it? Is it not still more extraordinary that her sportive sister, Thalia, should have dared indecorously to jest with a subject so entirely unsuited to her pen? To take our meaning from its veil of metaphor, is it not extraordinary that Mr. Kenny should have written a farce on the words "Turn Out?" We regard Mr. Kenny's farce as sacrilege, a profanation, a burlesque of the best feelings of our nature; and in spite of the ingenuity of the writer, and the talents of the performers, humanity and its attendant prejudices revolt in disgust from the scene which endeavours to raise a laugh by a parody of so melancholy a topic.

It is not difficult to account for the pensive feelings which are excited by these words: they recall forcibly to our mind the uncertainty of all human concerns; they bid us think on the sad truth, that from power, from affluence, from happiness, we may be "turned out" at a minute's warning; they whisper to us that the lease of life is held on a precarious tenure, subject to the will of a Providence which we can neither control nor foresee; they oblige us to look forwards to that undiscovered country, from whose dark limits we would fain avert our eyes; they convince us of the truth of the desponding expression of the Psalmist, "Man is but a thing of nought, his time passeth away like a shadow."

"Are not these the reflections of every thinking mind? If they are not, we must entreat the indulgence of our readers for the melancholy pleasure we take in the discussion of the subject. The words may indeed be more than ordinarily affecting to us, inasmuch as they remind us of a friend who in his life was "turned out" from every thing that life can bestow, but who in his death shall never be "turned out" from that consolatory tribute to his Manes,—the recollection of a sincere friend. Poor Gilbert! the occurrence of his eventful existence would indeed furnish materials for the poet or the moralist, for a tragedy of five acts, or a homily of fifty heads. His father always prophesied he would *turn out* a great man; and yet the poor fellow did nothing but *turn out*, and never became a great man. At fourteen he *turned out* with a bargeman, and lost an eye; at seventeen he was *turned out* from Eton, and lost King's; at three and twenty he was *turned out* of his father's will, and lost a thousand a-year; at four and twenty he was *turned out* of a tandem, and lost the long odds; at five and twenty he was *turned out* of a place, and lost all patience; at six and twenty he was *turned out* of the affections of his mistress, and lost his last hope; at seven and twenty he was *turned out* of a gaming house where he lost his last farthing. Gilbert died about a year ago, after existing for some time in a miserable state of dependence upon a rich uncle. To the last he was fond of narrating to his friends the vicissitudes of his life, which he constantly concluded in the following manner:—"So, gentlemen, I have been *turning out* during my whole life; you now see me on the brink of the grave, and I don't care how soon I *turn in*."

We had not heard from him for a considerable space of time, and were beginning to wonder at his protracted silence, when a friend who was studying the *Morning Post* apprized us of his decease by the following exclamation:—"My God! old Gilbert's dead! here's a quaint turn out!"

Alas! how often does it happen that we are not aware of the value of the blessings we enjoy, until chance or destiny has taken them from us. This has been the case in our acquaintance with our lamented companion. How bitterly do we now regret that we did not, while his life was spared, make use of his inestimable experience to collect some instructions on the art of turning out, both in the active and the neuter signification of the words. For surely no two things are more difficult, than the giving or receiving of a dismissal. To go through the one with civility, and the other with firmness, is indeed a rare talent, which every man of the world should study to attain.

When we consider the various chances and vicissitudes which await the citizens of our little commonwealth in their progress through life; when we recollect that some of them will enter into political life, in order to be turned out of their places; others will enjoy the titular distinction of M.P. that they may be turned out of their seats the next election; while others again, by an attachment to Chancery *expedition*, will endeavour to get turned out of their estates,—it is surely worth while to bestow a little attention upon the most proper mode of behaving under these unfortunate circumstances.

Mr. Monxton receives a *turn out* better than any political man of our acquaintance. It was of him that Sir Andrew Freeman, a Herefordshire Independent, who, to do him justice, would be witty if he could, broached the celebrated remark,—"He has *turned out* so often, that I should think he's *turned* wrong side *out* by this time." Mr. Monxton is indeed a phenomenon in his way. The smile he wears on coming into office differs in no respect from that which he assumes on resigning all his employments. He departs from the enjoyment of place and power, not with the gravity of a disappointed

minister, but with the self-satisfied air of a successful courtier. The *tact*, with which he conceals the inward vexations of spirit beneath an outward serenity of countenance, is to us a matter of astonishment. When we have heard him discussing his resignation with a simper on his face, and a jest on his lip, we have often fancied that Mr. Kemble would appear to us in the same light, were he to deliver Wolsey's soliloquy with the attitudes and the gestures of a harlequin in a pantomime. Juvenile politicians cannot propose to themselves, in this line of their profession, a better model than Mr. Monxton.

Nor is this art less worthy the attention of the fair sex. There are very few ladies who have the talent of dismissing a lover in proper style. There are many who reject with so authoritative a demeanour, that they lose him, as an acquaintance, whom they only wish to cast off as a dangler; there are many again who study civility to such an extent, that they know not whether they reject or receive, and have no small difficulty in distinguishing their smile from their frown. The deep and sincere interest which we feel in all matters relating to the advantage or improvement of the fair sex, induces us to suggest that an Academy, or a Seminary, or an Establishment, should be forthwith instituted for the instruction of *young* ladies not exceeding thirty years of age, in the most approved method of saying "Turn Out." So far indeed has our zeal in this laudable undertaking carried us that we have actually communicated our ideas upon the subject to a lady, who, to quote from her own advertisement, "enjoys the advantages of an excellent education, an unblemished character, and an amiable disposition." We are happy to inform our friends and the public in general, that Mrs. Simkins has promised to devote her attention to this branch of female education. By the end of next month she hoped to be quite competent to the instruction of pupils in every mode of expressing "Turn Out"—the Distant Hint, the Silent Bow, the Positive Cut, the Courteous Repulse, and the Absolute Rejection. We trust that due encouragement will be given to a scheme of such general utility.

SCENES IN SWITZERLAND.

(From Simond's Travels.)

One of the most beautiful parts of the Jura is that where the dent-de-vaulion is situated with the source of the Orbe and its falls. We set out early on a fine morning, *unseen*, to visit it; and our chars-a-banc reached the village of Ballaigne in five hours, stopping in the way at the *Grotte aux fees*, a cavern, from the mouth of which, as from a balcony at an upper window, you look down some hundreds of feet on the torrent of the Orbe, in its deep bed of rock and woody precipices. Leaving our equipages at Ballaigne, and taking a guide, we proceeded to the falls of the Orbe, through a hanging wood of fine old oaks, and came, after a long descent, to a place where the Orbe breaks through a great mass of ruins, which, at some very remote period, have fallen from the mountain, and entirely obstructed its channel. All the earth, and all the smaller fragments, having long since disappeared, the water now works its way, with great noise and fury, among the larger fragments, and falls above the height of eighty feet in the very best style. The blocks, many of them as large as a good-sized three-story house, are heaped up most strangely, jammed in by their angles—in equilibrium on a point, or forming perilous bridges, over which you may, with proper precaution, pick your way to the other side. The quarries from which the materials of the bridge came is just above your head, and the miners are still at work—air, water, frost, weight, and time. The strata of limestone are evidently breaking down; their deep rents are widening, and enormous masses, loosened from the

mountain, and suspended on their precarious bases, seem only waiting for the last effort of the great lever of nature to take the horrid leap, and bury under some hundred feet of new chaotic ruins, the trees, the verdant lawn—and yourself, who are looking on and foretelling the catastrophe. We left this scene at last reluctantly, and, after long climbing, regained Ballaigue, where the least active of the party, mounting their chars-a-banc, went home, while we proceeded towards the dent-de-vaulion, at the base of which we arrived in two hours, and in two hours more reached the summit, which is four thousand four hundred and seventy-six feet above the sea, and three thousand three hundred and forty-two feet above the lake of Geneva. Our path lay over smooth turf, sufficiently steep to make it difficult to climb. At the top we found a narrow ridge, not more than one hundred yards wide. The south view, a most magnificent one, was unfortunately too like the one at our entrance into Switzerland to bear a second description; the other side of the ridge can scarcely be approached without terror, being almost perpendicular. Crawling, therefore, on our hands and knees, we ventured, in this modest attitude, to look out of the window at the hundred and fiftieth story (at least two thousand feet), and see what was doing in the street. Herds of cattle in the *infinitum petit* were grazing on the verdant lawn of a narrow vale, on the other side of which a mountain, overgrown with dark pines, marked the boundary of France. Jougne, and the road by which we had entered Switzerland, formed a zig-zag line between the mountains. Towards the west, we saw a piece of water, which appeared like a mere fish-pond. It was the lake of Joux, two leagues in length, and half a league in breadth. We were to look for our night's lodgings in the village on the banks. At sunset we began to descend, or run down the smooth pasture grounds, scarcely able to stop ourselves, and reached the lake in less than a quarter of the time we had employed in going up.

Bienne struck us as more Swiss than any thing we had yet seen, or rather as if we were entering Switzerland for the first time; every thing looked and sounded so foreign, and yet to see the curiosity we excited the moment we landed and entered the streets, we might have supposed it was ourselves who looked rather outlandish. The women wore their hair plaited down to their heels, while the full petticoat did not descend near so far. Several groups of them, sitting at their doors, sung in parts with an accuracy of ear and of taste innate among the Germans. Gateways fortified with towers intersect the streets, which are composed of strange looking houses built on arcades, like those of bridges, and variously painted, blue with yellow borders, red with white, or purple and grey; projecting iron balconies, highly worked and of glossy black, with bright green windows. The luxury of fountains and of running water is still greater here than at Neuchatel, and you might be tempted to quench your thirst in the kennel, it runs so clear and pure. These public fountains are adorned with figures which characterize sufficiently the respective periods of their construction. Those of the fifteenth century have bearded warriors; those of the sixteenth, angels of light with wings, and angels of darkness with tails. Watchmen perambulate the streets all night, as in England, proclaiming in German recitative what o'clock it is, the state of the weather, and tranquilizing the citizens and their wives on the subject of fire and thieves. At the welcome sound they turn on their other side, and go to sleep.—Morning and evening, goats, in immense droves, conducted to or from the mountain, traverse the streets and stop of themselves, each at its own door. In the interior of the house, most articles of furniture are quaintly shaped and ornamented, old looking, but rubbed bright, and in good preservation; from the nut-

cracker, curiously carved, to the double necked cruet, pouring oil and vinegar out of the same bottle. The accommodations at the inn are homely, but not uncomfortable; substantially good, though not elegant.

It rained all day yesterday, and we remained shut up in our room at a German inn in Waldshut, enjoying a day's rest with our books, and observing men and manners in Germany through the small round panes of our casements. The projecting roofs of houses afford so much shelter on both sides of the street, and the beux sex of Waldshut were out all day long in their Sunday clothes, as if it had been fine weather; their long yellow hair in a single plait hung down to their heels, along a back made very straight by the habit of carrying pails of milk and water on the head; their snow white shift-sleeves, rolled up to the shoulder, exposed to view a sinewy, sun-burnt arm; the dark red stays were laced with black in front and a petticoat scarcely longer than the Scotch kilt, hid nothing of the lower limb, nor of a perfectly neat stocking well stretched by red garters full in sight. The aged among them, generally frightful, looked like withered little old men in disguise. We had time, likewise, to examine the furniture of our apartment. The most prominent articles were, an oaken sofa of high antiquity, carved all over to imitate point lace, curiously woven into a rich pattern; then, a ponderous table, also of ancient oak, with spreading legs to secure it against overturns in cases of an earthquake, these convulsions of nature being very frequent along the Rhine during the fifteenth century, a period when this table might have been in its prime. The worsted carpet covering, glowing with the primitive colours of the rainbow, had seen many generations of travellers, and promised to see many more, from the uniform care with which furniture is kept in German houses, although neatness, particularly as to doors and stairs, is not so conspicuous as in Switzerland. Not a soul in the house spoke any thing but German, except the landlord, who understood a little French, and, bowing at every word, said, *J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer*, whenever we called for any thing.

These fine woods extend almost to the very gates of Berne, where you arrive under an avenue of limes, which, in this season, perfume the air. There are seats on the side of the road, for the convenience of foot passengers, especially women going to market, with a shelf above, at the height of a person standing, for the purpose of receiving their baskets while they rest themselves on the bench: you meet also with fountains at regular distances. A Bernese road resembles the best roads in England, only wider. They are carried in every direction, even to the highest mountains, on the borders of eternal snows; and all this, I understand, without *corvees*, without tax, or even a toll. The whole country has the appearance of English pleasure grounds. The town itself stands on the elevated banks of a rapid river, the Aar, to which the Rhine is indebted for one half of its waters. A sudden bend of the stream encloses, on all sides but one, the promontory on which the town is built; the magnificent slope is in some places covered with turf, supported in others by lofty terraces planted with trees, and commanding wonderful views over the surrounding rich country, and the high Alps beyond it,

It is not an easy matter to account for the first impressions you receive upon entering Berne. You certainly think you enter an ancient and a great city; yet, before the eleventh century, it had not a name, and its present population does not exceed twelve thousand souls. It is a republic: yet it looks kingly. Something of Roman majesty appears in its lofty terraces; in the massy arches on each side of the streets; in the abundance of water flowing night and day into gigantic basins; in the magnificent avenues of trees. The very silence, and absence of bustle, a certain stateliness and reserved demeanour in the

inhabitants, by showing it to be not a money-making town, implies that its wealth springs from more solid and permanent sources than trade can afford, and that another spirit animates its inhabitants. In short, of all the first sight impressions and guesses about Berne, that of its being a Roman town would be nearer right than any other. Circumstances, in some respects similar, have produced like results in the Alps and on the plains of Latium, at the interval of twenty centuries. Luxury at Berne seems wholly directed to objects of public utility. By the side of those gigantic terraces, of those fine fountains and noble shades, you see none but simple and solid dwellings, yet scarcely any beggarly ones; not an equipage to be seen, but many a country waggon, coming to market, with a capital team of horses, or oxen, well appointed every way.

REJOICINGS UPON THE NEW YEAR'S COMING OF AGE.

THE *Old Year* being dead, and the *New Year* coming of age, which he does, by Calendar Law, as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark but he must give a dinner on the occasion, to which all the *Days* in the year were invited. The *Festivals*, whom he deputed as his Stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing mirth and good cheer for mortals below; and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty. It was stiffly debated among them, whether the *Fasts* should be admitted. Some said, the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by *Christmas Day*, who had a design upon *Ash Wednesday* (as you shall hear), and a mighty desire to see how the old Domine would behave himself in his cups. Only the *Vigils* were requested to come with lanterns, to light the gentlefolks home at night.

All the *Days* came to their day. Covers were provided for three hundred and sixty-five guests at the principal table; with an occasional knife and fork at the side-board for the *Twenty Ninth of February*.

I should have told you, that cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the *Hours*; twelve little, merry, whirligig foot pages, as you should desire to see, that went all round, and found out the persons invited well enough, with the exception of *Easter Day*, *Shrove Tuesday*, and a few such *Moveables*, who had lately shifted their quarters.

Well, they all met at last, fine *Days*, fine *Days*, all sorts of *Days*, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but, Hail! fellow *Day*, and well met brother *Day*—sister *Day*,—only *Lady Day* kept a little on the aloof, and seemed somewhat scornful. Yet some said, *Twelfth Day* cut her out and out, for she came in a tiffany suit, white and gold, like a Queen on a frost cake, all royal, glittering, and *Epiphanous*. The rest came, some in green, some in white—but old *Lent and his family* were not yet out of mourning. Rainy *Days* came in, dripping; and sun-shiny *Days* helped them to change their stockings. *Wedding Day* was there in his marriage finery, a little the worse for wear; *Pay Day* came late, as he always does; and *Dooms-day* sent word—he might be expected.

April Fool (as my young lord's jester) took upon himself to marshal the guests, and wild work he made with it. It would have posed old Erra Pater to have found out any given *Day* in the year, to erect a scheme upon—good *Days*, bad *Days*, were so shuffled together to the confounding of all sober horoscopy.

He had stuck the *Twenty First of June* next to the *Twenty Second of December*, and the former looked like a Maypole siding a marrow bone. *Ash Wednesday* got wedged in (as was concerted) betwixt *Christmas* and *Lord Mayor's Days*. Lord! how he laid about him! Nothing but barons of beef and turkeys would go down with him—to the great greasing and

detriment of his new sackcloth bib and tucker. And still *Christmas Day* was at his elbow, plying him with the wassail-bowl, till he roared, and hiccup'd, and protested there was no faith in dried ling, but commended it to the devil for a sour, windy, acrimonious, censorious, hypo-crit-critcritical mess, and no dish for a gentleman. Then he dipt his fist into the middle of the great custard that stood before his *left hand neighbour*, and daubed his hungry beard all over with it, till you would have taken him for the *Last Day in December*, it so hung in icicles.

At another part of the table, *Shrove Tuesday* was helping the *Second of September* to some cock broth,—which courtesy the latter returned with the delicate thigh of a hen pheasant—so there was no love lost for that matter. The *Last of Lent* was sponging upon *Shrovetide's* pancakes; which *April Fool* perceiving, told him he did well, for pancakes were proper to a *good fry day*.

In another part, a hubbub arose about the *Thirtieth of January*, who, it seems, being a sour puritanic character, that thought nobody's meat good or sanctified enough for him, had smuggled into the room a calves' head, which he had cooked at home for that purpose, thinking to feast thereon incontinently; but as it lay in the dish, *March Manyweathers*, who is a very fine lady, and subject to the megrims, suddenly screamed out there was a "human head in the platter," and raved about Herodias' daughter to that degree, that the obnoxious viand was obliged to be removed; nor did she recover her stomach till she had gulphed down a *Restorative*, confected of *Oak Apple*, which the merry *Twenty Ninth of May* always carries about with him for that purpose.

The King's health being called for after this, a notable dispute arose between the *Twelfth of August* (a zealous old Whig gentlewoman), and the *Twenty Third of April* (a new-fangled lady of the Tory stamp), as to which of them should have the honour to propose it. *August* grew hot upon the matter, affirming time out of mind the prescriptive right to have lain with her, till her rival had basely supplanted her; whom she represented as little better than a *kept* mistress, who went about in *fine clothes*, while she (the legitimate BIRTHDAY) had scarcely a rag, &c.

April Fool, being made mediator, confirmed the right in the strongest form of words to the appellant, but decided for peace' sake that the exercise of it should remain with the present possessor. At the same time, he slily sounded the first lady in the ear, that an action my lie against the Crown for *bi-geny*.

It beginning to grow a little duskish, *Candlemas* lustily bawled out for lights, which was opposed by all the *Days*, who protested against burning day-light. Then fair water was handed round in silver ewers, and the *same lady* was observed to take an unusual time in *washing* herself.

May Day, with that sweetness which is peculiar to her, in a neat speech proposing the health of the founder, crowned her goblet (and by her example the rest of the company) with garlands. This being done, the lordly *New Year* from the upper end of the table, in a cordial but somewhat lofty tone, returned thanks. He felt proud on an occasion of meeting so many of his worthy father's late tenants, promised to improve their farms, and at the same time to abate (if any thing was found unreasonable) in their rents.

At the mention of this, the four *Quarter Days* involuntarily looked at each other, and smiled; *April Fool* whistled to an old tune of "New Brooms;" and a surly old rebel at the farther end of the table (who was discovered to be no other than the *Fifth of November*,) muttered out, distinctly enough to be heard by the whole company, words to this effect, that, "when the old one is gone, he is a fool that looks for a better." Which rudeness of his the guests resenting, unanimously voted his expulsion; and the malecontent was thrust out neck and heels into the cellar, as the properest place

for such a *boutefeu* and firebrand as he had shown himself.

Order being restored—the young lord (who, to say truth, had been a little ruffled, and put beside his oratory) in as few, and yet as obliging words as possible, assured them of entire welcome; and, with a graceful turn, singling out poor *Twenty Ninth of February*, that had sate all this while mum chance at the side-board, begged to couple his health with that of the good company before him—which he drank accordingly; observing, that he had not seen his honest face any time these four years, with a number of endearing expressions besides. At the same time, removing the solitary *Day* from the forlorn seat which had been assigned him, he stationed him at his own board, somewhere between the *Greek Calends* and *Latter Lammas*.

Ash Wednesday, being now called upon for a song, with his eyes fast stuck in his head, and as well as the Canary he had swallowed would give him leave, struck up a carol, which *Christmas Day* had taught him for the nonce; and was followed by the latter, who gave "Miserere" in fine style, hitting off the mumping tones and lengthened drawl of *Old Mortification* with infinite humour. *April Fool* swore they had exchanged conditions: but *Good Friday* was observed to look extremely grave; and *Sunday* held her fan before her face, that she might not be seen to smile.

Shrove Tide, Lord Mayor's Day, and *April Fool*, next joined in a glee—

Which is the properest day to drink?

in which all the *Days* chiming in, made a merry burden.

They next fell to quibbles and conundrums. The question being proposed, who had the greatest number of followers—the *Quarter Days* said, there could be no question as to that; for they had all the creditors in the world dogging their heels. But *April Fool* gave it in favour of the *Forty Days before Easter*; because the debtors in all cases outnumbered the creditors, and they kept *lent* all the year.

All this while, *Valentine's Day* kept courting pretty *May*, who sate next him, slipping amorous *billets doux* under the table, till the *Dog Days* (who are naturally of a warm constitution,) began to be jealous, and to bark and rage exceedingly. *April Fool*, who likes a bit of sport above measure, and had some pretensions to the lady besides, as being but a cousin once removed,—clapped and hallooed them on; and as fast as their indignation cooled, those mad wags, the *Ember Days*, were at it with their bellows, to blow it into a flame; and all was in a ferment: till old Madam *Septuagesima* (who boasts herself the *Mother of the Days*) wisely diverted the conversation with a tedious tale of the lovers which she could reckon when she was young; and of Master *Rogation Day* in particular, who was for ever putting the *question* to her, but she kept him at a distance, as the chronicle would tell—by which I apprehend she meant the Almanack. Then she rambled on to the *Days that were gone*, the *good old Days*, and so to the *Days before the Flood*—which plainly showed her old head to be little better than crazed and doited.

Day being ended, the *Days* called for their cloaks and great coats, and took their leaves. *Lord Mayor's Day* went off in a Mist, as usual; *Shortest Day* in a deep black Fog, that wrapt the little gentleman all round like a hedge-hog. Two *Vigils*—so watchmen are called in heaven—saw *Christmas Day* safe home—they had been used to the business before. Another *Vigil*—a stout, sturdy patrol, called the *Eve of St. Christopher*—seeing *Ash Wednesday* in a condition little better than he should be, c'en whipt him over his shoulders, pick-a-back fashion, and *Old Mortification* went floating home, singing—

On the bat's back do I fly,

and a number of old snatches besides, between drunk and sober, but very few Aves or Penitentiaries (you may believe me) were among them. *Longest Day* set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold—the rest, some in one fashion, some in another;—but

Valentine and pretty *May* took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day would wish to set in.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN GALLICIA.

A Mr. John Chmielecki having read in Kirchner's Annals a conjecture that the subterraneous caves and passages in Podolia had a communication with those below Kiow, resolved to examine a site in Czortkow, to discover any traces of subterraneous caves in that direction. A cavity in the alabaster rocks, overgrown with grass and weeds, was found to be an opening made by art, which had however been choked up with earth and rubbish. When the workmen had cleared away the earth before the entrance, a mephitic vapour issued from the opening, which so affected them, that they fell senseless on the ground; but on being removed into a purer atmosphere, soon recovered. On the following day, Mr. Chmielecki returned with the town clerk and six resolute peasants, provided with swords, pistols, torches, and candles, and descended himself into the cave, well armed, and with a lighted torch and tinder-box. Having hold of a rope of three hundred fathoms, he crept through the narrow entrance, which is about ten yards long, into a subterraneous excavation, which resembled a spacious and lofty oval hall, hewn in alabaster, and had a very pleasing effect. Here he rested for some time, and then called to his companions who were waiting at the entrance, and who after much persuasion followed him. —On further examining the cave, they discovered several passages of various sizes connected with each other, all curiously hewn out in alabaster, and covering a large extent. But whether these passages extended to a great distance, whether they have an issue on the surface or not, were questions which they could not resolve, as they had got to the end of their line, and would not venture to proceed without a clue. After remaining there four hours they were obliged to retreat, by the pressure of the long confined air, which almost extinguished their torches and impeded their breath. The results of their examination are as follows :—All the subterraneous vaults appear to be formed partly by nature and partly by art: they contain several halls, or rather spacious vaults, the walls and roofs of which are of pure alabaster. They communicate by means of several passsages running in different directions and of various breadths, some of them large enough for a coach and horses to turn in. One of these caves has a near resemblance to a kitchen, for they found upon the hearth, raised of several layers of alabaster, fragments of charcoal and remains of a kind of wood (fresnia, summer cherry,) which is not a native of the country, near the excavation. In some places they discovered human skulls, which crumbled into dust on being touched. They likewise found a silver coin of about the size of a sixpence, on which, but with much difficulty, the name of *Hadrianus* is to be deciphered. They also saw several earthen vessels resembling modern dishes, but did not touch them.

POETRY.

BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

Three wags (whom some fastidious carpers
Might rather designate three sharpers)
Enter'd at York the Cat and Fiddle,
And finding that the host was out
On business for two hours or more,
While Sam, the rustic waiter, wore
The visage of a simple lout,
Whom they might safely try to diddle;
They order'd dinner in a canter,
Cold or hot it matter'd not,
Provided it was served *instanter*,

And as the heat had made them very
  Dry and dusty in the throttles,
  They bade the waiterbring three bottles
Of prime old port and one of sherry.
Sam ran with ardour to the larder,
  Then to the kitchen,
And, as he briskly went to work, he
Drew from the spit a smoking turkey,
  With sausages embellish'd, which in
A trice upon the board was spread,
  Together with a nice cold brisket,
  Nor did he even obliviscate
    Half a pig's head.

To these succeeded puddings, pies,
  Custards and jellies,
All doom'd to fall a sacrifice
  To their insatiable bellies;
As if, like camels, they intended
  To stuff into their moustrous craws
  Enough to satisfy their maws,
Until their pilgrimage was ended.

Talking, laughing, eating and quaffing,
  The bottles stood no moment still;
They rallied Sam with joke and banter,
And, as they drained the last decanter,
  Call'd for the bill.

Twas brought—when one of them who eyed
And added up the items, cried
  "Extremely moderate, indeed!
I'll make a point to recommend
This inn to every travelling friend;
  And you, Sam, shall be doubly fed."
This said, a weighty purse he drew,
  When his companion interposed,
"Nay, Harry, that will never do,
  Pray let your purse again be closed,
You paid all charges yesterday,
'Tis clearly now my turn to pay."

Harry, however, wouldn't listen
  To any such insulting offer;
His generous eyes appeared to glisten
  Indignant at the very proffer;
And though his friend talk'd loud, his clangour
Served but to aggravate Hal's anger.
"My worthy fellows," cried the third,
"Now really this is too absurd;
What? do both of ye forget,
I have not paid a farthing yet?
Am I eternally to cram
  At your expense?—'tis childish quite;
  I claim this payment as my right—
Here—how much is the money, Sam?"

To this most rational proposal
  The others gave such fierce negation,
One might have fancied they were foes all
  So hot became the altercation,
Each in his purse his money rattling,
Insisting, arguing, and battling.
  One of them cried at last—"A truce!
  This point we will no longer moot;
  Wrangling for trifles is no use,
    And thus we'll finish the dispute.—

That we may settle what we three owe,
  We'll blindfold Sam, and whichsoe'er
  He catches of us first, shall bear
The whole expences of the trio,
With half-a-crown (if that's enough,)
To Sam for playing Blindman's Buff."

Sam liked it hugely—thought the ransom,
For a good game of fun was handsome;
Gave his own handkerchief beside,
To have his eyes securely tied,
And soon began to grope and search,
  When the three knaves, I needn't say,
Adroitly left him in the lurch,
  Slipped down the stairs, and stole away.

Poor Sam continued hard at work;
  Now o'er a chair he gets a fall,
Now floundering forward with a jerk,
  He bobs his nose against the wall;
And now encouraged by the subtle
  Fancy that they're near the door,
  He jumps behind it to explore,
And breaks his shins against the scuttle,
Crying, at each disaster—Rat it!
Dang it! 'Od rabbit it! and Rat it!

Just in this crisis of his doom,
The host, returning, sought the room,
And Sam no sooner heard his tread,
  Than pouncing on him like a bruin,
  He almost shook him into ruin,
And with a shout of laughter said—
"By gom, I have cotch'd thee now! so down
With cash for all, and my half-crown."

Off went the bandage, and his eyes
  Seem'd to be goggling o'er the forehead,
  While his mouth widen'd with a horrid
Look of agonised surprise.

"Gull!" roar'd his master—"Gudgeon! dunce!
Fool as you are, you're right for once,
'Tis clear that I must pay the sum;—
  But this one thought my wrath assuages—
That every halfpenny shall come
  Out of your wages!"